

A N

E S S A Y

O N

CONVERSATION.

By BENJ. STILLINGFLEET.

Oderunt bilarem tristes, tristemque jocos,
Sedatum celeres, agilem gnavumque remissi.

HORAT.

The SECOND EDITION.

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ON

CONVERTION

BY FRANK J. CHAMBERLAIN



THE SECOND

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Essay on Conversation.

THE Art of Converse, how to sooth the Soul
 Of haughty Man, his Passions to controul,
 His Pride at once to humble and to please,
 And join the Dignity of Life with Ease,
 Be now my Theme. O Thou, whom Nature's Hand
 Fram'd for this best, this delicate Command,
 And taught, when lisping without Reason's Aid,
 At the same Time to speak and to persuade,
WINDHAM, with Diligence awhile attend,
 Nor scorn th' Instructions of an older Friend ; 10
 Who, when the World's great Commerce shall have join'd
 The deep Reflection, and the Strength of Mind,
 To the bright Talents of thy youthful State,
 In turn shall on thy better Lessons wait.

WHENCE comes it, that in every Art we see 15
 Many can rise to a supreme Degree ;
 Yet in this Art, for which all seem design'd
 By Nature, scarcely One compleat we find ?
 You'll say, perhaps, we think, we speak, we move,
 By the strong Springs alone of selfish Love : 20
 Yet among all the Species, is there One,
 Whom, with more Caution than Ourselves, we shun ?
 What is it fills a Puppet-Shew, or Court ?
 Go none but for the Profit, or the Sport ?
 If so, why comes each Soul fatigu'd away, 25
 And curses the dull Puppets same dull Play ;
 Yet, unconvinc'd, is tempted still to go ?
 'Tis, that we find at Home our greatest Foe.
 And Reason good why Solitude we flee ;
 Can Wants with Self-sufficiency agree ? 30

YET, such our Inconsistency of Mind,
 We court Society, and hate Mankind.
 With Some we quarrel, for they're too sincere;
 With Others, for they're close, reserv'd, and queer:
 This is too learn'd, too prudent, or too wise; 35
 And That we for his Ignorance despise:
 A Voice perhaps our Ear shall harshly strike,
 Then strait e'en Wit itself shall raise Dislike:
 Our Eye may by some Feature be annoy'd,
 Behold at once a Character destroy'd! 40
 One's so Good-natur'd, he's beyond all bearing;
 He'll ridicule no Friend, tho' out of Hearing:
 Another, warm'd with Zeal, offends our Eyes,
 Because he holds the Mirror up to Vice.
 No Wonder then, since Fancies wild as these 45
 Can move our Spleen, that real Faults displease.
 When *Mævius*, spite of Dullness, will be bright,
 And teach ARGYLL to speak, and SWIFT to write;
 When *Flavia* entertains us with her Dreams,
 And *Macer* with his no less airy Schemes; 50
 When Peevishness, and Jealousy, and Pride,
 And Int'rest that can Brother-Hearts divide,
 In their imagin'd Forms our Eyesight hit,
 Of an old Maid, a Poet, Peer or Cit;
 Can then, you'll say, Philosophy refrain, 55
 And check the Torrent of each boiling Vein?
 Yes. She can still do more; view Passion's Slave
 With Mind serene, indulge him, and yet save.

BUT Self-conceit steps in, and with strict Eye
 Scans every Man, and every Man awry; 60
 That reigning Passion, which, thro' every Stage
 Of Life, still haunts us with unceasing Rage.
 No Quality so mean, but what can raise
 Some drudging driveling Candidate for Praise;
 E'en in the Wretch, whom Wretches can despise, 65
 Still Self-conceit will find a Time to rise.

Quintus salutes you with forbidding Face,
 And thinks he carries his Excuse in Lace:
 You ask, why *Clodius* bullies all he can?
Clodius will tell you, he's a Gentleman: 70
Myrtilla struts and shudders half the Year,
 With a round Cap, that shews a fine turn'd Ear:
 The lowest Jest makes *Delia* laugh to Death;
 Yet she's no Fool, she has only handsome Teeth.
Ventofo lolls, and scorns all Humankind 75
 From the gilt Coach with four lac'd Slaves behind:
 Does all this Pomp and State proceed from Merit?
 Mean Thought! he deems it nobler to inherit:
 While *Fopling* from some Title draws his Pride,
 Meanless, or infamous, or misapply'd; 80
 Free-Mason, Rake or Wit, 'tis just the same,
 The Charm is hence, he has gain'd himself a Name.
 Yet, spite of all the Fools that Pride has made,
 'Tis not on Man an useless Burthen laid:
 Pride has ennobled some, and some disgrac'd; 85
 It hurts not in itself, but as 'tis plac'd:
 When right, its View knows none but Vertue's Bound;
 When wrong, it scarcely looks one Inch around.
 Mark! with what Care the Fair One's Critick Eye
 Scans o'er her Dress, nor lets a Fault slip by; 90
 Each Rebel Hair must be reduc'd to Place
 With tedious Skill, and tortur'd into Grace;
Betty must o'er and o'er the Pins dispose,
 'Till into modish Folds the Drapery flows,
 And the whole Frame is fitted to express 95
 The Charms of Decency and Nakedness.
 Why all this Art, this labour'd Ornament?
 To captivate, you'll cry no doubt, 'tis meant.
 True. But let's wait upon this fair Machine
 From the lone Closet to the social Scene; 100
 There view her loud, affected, scornful, sour,
 Paining all others, and herself still more.
 What means she, at one Instant to disgrace
 The Labour of ten Hours, her much-lov'd Face?

Why? 'tis the self-same Passion gratify'd ; 105
The Work is ruin'd, that was rais'd, by Pride.

YET of all Tempers, it requires least Pain,
Could we but rule ourselves, to rule the Vain.
The Prudent is by Reason only sway'd,
With him each Sentence and each Word is weigh'd: 110
The Gay and Giddy can alone be caught
By the quick Lustre of a happy Thought ;
The Miser hates, unless he steals your Pelf ;
The Prodigal, unless you rob yourself ;
The Leud will shun you, if your Wife prove chaste ; 115
The Jealous, if a Smile on his be cast ;
The Steady or the Whimfical will blame,
Either, because you're not, or are, the same ;
The Peevish, Sullen, Shrewd, Luxurious, Rash,
Will with your Vertue, Peace, or Interest, clash ; 120
But mark the proud Man's Price, how very low !
'Tis but a civil Speech, a Smile, or Bow.

YE who, push'd on by noble Ardor, aim
In social Life to gain immortal Fame,
Observe the various Passions of Mankind, 125
General, peculiar, single, or combin'd :
How Youth from Manhood differs in its Views,
And how Old Age still other Paths pursues ;
How Zeal in *Priscus* nothing more than heats,
In *Codex* burns, and ruins all it meets ; 130
How Freedom now a lovely Face shall wear,
Now shock us in the Likeness of a Bear ;
How Jealousy in some resembles Hate,
In others, seems but Love grown delicate ;
How Modesty is often Pride refin'd, 135
And Vertue but the Canker of the Mind ;
How Love of Riches, Grandeur, Life and Fame,
Wears different Shapes, and yet is still the same.

BUT

BUT not our Passions only disagree,
 In Taste is found as great Variety: 140
Sylvius is ravish'd when he hears a Hound,
 His Lady hates to Death the odious Sound:
 Yet Both love Musick, tho' in different Ways;
 He in a Kennel, She at Opera's.
 A Florist shall, perhaps, not grudge some Hours, 145
 To view the Colours in a Bed of Flowers;
 Yet, shew him *TITIAN*'s Workmanship divine,
 He passes on, and only cries 'tis fine.
 A rusty Coin, an old worm-eaten Post,
 The mouldy Fragment of an Author lost, 150
 A Butterfly, an Equipage, a Star,
 A Globe, a fine Laced-Head, a China Jar,
 A Mistress, or a Fashion, that is new,
 Have each their Charms, tho' felt but by a few.
 Then study each Man's Passions and his Taste, 155
 The first to soften, and indulge the last:
 Not like the Wretch, who beats down Vertue's Fence,
 And deviates from the Paths of Common Sense;
 Who daubs with fulsome Flattery, blind and bold,
 The very Weakness we with Grief behold. 160
 Passions are common to the Fool and Wise,
 And all would hide them under Art's Disguise:
 For so avow'd, in others, is their Shame,
 None hates them more, than he who has the same:
 But Taste seems more peculiarly our own, 165
 And every Man is fond to make His known;
 Proud of a Mark he fancies is design'd
 By Nature to advance him o'er his Kind;
 And where he sees that Character impress'd,
 With Joy he hugs the Favourite to his Breast. 170

BUT the main Stress of all our Cares must lye,
 To watch ourselves with strict and constant Eye:
 To mark the working Mind, when Passions' Course
 Begins to swell, and Reason still has Force;

Or, if she's conquer'd by the stronger Tide, 175
 Observe the Moments when they first subside:
 For he who hopes a Victory to win
 O'er other Men, must with himself begin;
 Else, like a Town by Mutiny oppress'd,
 He's ruin'd by the Foe within his Breast: 180
 And they alone, who in themselves oft view
 Man's Image, know what Method to pursue.
 All other Creatures keep in beaten Ways,
 Man only moves in an eternal Maze:
 He lives and dies, not tam'd by Cultivation; 185
 The Wretch of Reason, and the Dupe of Passion:
 Curious of knowing, yet too proud to learn;
 More prone to doubt, than anxious to discern:
 Tir'd with old Doctrines, prejudic'd at new;
 Mistaking still the Pleasing for the True: 190
 Foe to Restraints approv'd by general Voice,
 Yet to each fool-born Mode a Slave by Choice:
 Of Rest impatient, yet in Love with Ease;
 When most good-natur'd, aiming how to tease:
 Disdaining by the Vulgar to be aw'd, 195
 Yet never pleas'd but when the Fools applaud:
 By Turns severe, indulgent, humble, vain;
 A Trifle serves to lose him or to gain.

THEN grant this Trifle, yet his Vices shun,
 Not like to CATO or to * CLINIAS' Son: 200
 This for each Humour every Shape could take,
 Ev'n Vertue's own, tho' not for Vertue's Sake;
 At *Athens* rakish, thoughtless, full of Fire,
 Severe at *Sparta*, as a *Chartreux* Fryar;
 In *Thrace*, a Bully, drunken, rash and rude; 205
 In *Asia* gay, effeminate and leud.
 While the rough *Roman*, Vertue's rigid Friend,
 Cou'd not, to save the Cause he dy'd-for, bend:
 In him 'twas scarce an Honour to be good,
 He more indulg'd a Passion, than subdu'd. 210

* *Alcibiades.*

See how the skilful Lover spreads his Toils,
 When eager in Pursuit of Beauty's Spoils!
 Behold him, bending at his Idol's Feet;
 Humble, not mean; disputing, and yet sweet:
 In Rivalship not fierce, nor yet unmov'd; 215
 Without a Rival studious to be lov'd;
 For ever chearful, tho' not always witty,
 And never giving Cause for Hate or Pity:
 These are his Arts, such Arts as must prevail,
 When Riches, Birth, and Beauty's Self, will fail: 220
 And what He does to gain a vulgar End,
 Shall We neglect, to make Mankind our Friend?

Good Sense and Learning may Esteem obtain;
 Humour and Wit a Laugh, if rightly ta'en;
 Fair Vertue Admiration may impart; 225
 But 'tis Good nature only wins the Heart:
 It molds the Body to an easy Grace,
 And brightens every Feature of the Face:
 It smoothes th' unpolish'd Tongue with Eloquence,
 And adds Persuasion to the finest Sense. 230
 Yet this, like every Disposition, has
 Fixt Bounds, o'er which it never ought to pass;
 When stretch'd too far, its Honour dies away,
 Its Merit sinks, and all its Charms decay;
 Among the Good it meets with no Applause, 235
 And to its Ruin the Malicious draws:
 A Slave to all, who force it, or entice,
 It falls by Chance in Vertue or in Vice.
 'Tis true, in Pity for the Poor it bleeds,
 It cloaths the Naked, and the Hungry feeds; 240
 It cheers the Stranger, nay its Foe defends,
 But then as oft it injures its best Friends.

STUDY with Care Politeness, that must teach

The modish Forms of Gesture and of Speech:

In vain Formality, with Matron Mien, 245

And Pertness apes her with familiar Grin;

They against Nature for Applauses strain,
 Distort themselves, and give all others Pain;
 She moves with easy, tho' with measur'd Pace,
 And shews no Part of Study, but the Grace. 250
 Yet ev'n by this Man is but half refin'd,
 Unless Philosophy subdues the Mind:
 'Tis but a Varnish that is quickly lost,
 Whene'er the Soul in Passion's Sea is tost.

Wou'd you both please and be instructed too, 255
 Watch well the Rage of Shining to subdue;
 Hear every Man upon his favourite Theme,
 And ever be more knowing than you seem.
 The lowest Genius will afford some Light,
 Or give a Hint that had escap'd your Sight. 260
 Doubt, till he thinks you on Conviction yield,
 And with fit Questions let each Pause be fill'd;
 And the most knowing will with Pleasure grant,
 You're rather much reserv'd, than ignorant.

THE Rays of Wit gild wheresoe'er they strike, 265
 But are not therefore fit for all alike;
 They charm the Lively, but the Grave offend,
 And raise a Foe as often as a Friend;
 Like the resistless Beams of blazing Light,
 That cheer the strong, and pain the weakly Sight. 270
 If a bright Fancy therefore be your Share,
 Let Judgment watch it with a Guardian's Care:
 'Tis like a Torrent apt to overflow,
 Unless by constant Government kept low;
 And ne'er inefficacious passes by, 275
 But overturns or gladdens all that's nigh.
 Or else, like Trees, when suffered wild to shoot,
 That put forth much, but all unripen'd Fruit;
 It turns to Affectation and Grimace,
 As like to Wit, as Dullness is to Grace. 280

How hard soe'er it be to bridle Wit,
Yet Mem'ry oft no less requires the Bit:
How many, hurried by its Force away,
For ever in the Land of Gossips stray?
Usurp the Province of the Nurse to lull,
Without her Privilege for being dull?
Tales upon Tales they raise ten Stories high,
Without Regard to Use or Symmetry:
So R---p---y, till his destin'd Space is fill'd,
Heaps Bricks on Bricks, and fancies tis to build. 290
A Story should, to please, at least seem true,
Be *a propos*, well told, concise, and new;
And whensoe'er it deviates from these Rules,
The Wise will sleep, and leave Applause to Fools.
But Others, more intolerable yet, 295
The Waggeries, that they've said, or heard, repeat;
Heavy by Mem'ry made, and, what's the worst,
At second-hand, as often as at first.
And can even Patience hear, without Dildain,
The maiming Register of Sense once slain? 300
While the dull Features, big with Archness, strive
In vain, the forc'd Half-smile to keep alive.

SOME know no Joy like what a Word can raise,
Haul'd thro' a Language's perplexing Maze;
Till on a Mate, that seems to agree, they light, 305
Like Man and Wife, that still are opposite;
Not Lawyers at the Bar play more with Sense,
When brought to the last Trope of Eloquence,
Than they on ev'ry Subject, great or small,
At Clubs, or Councils, at a Church, or Ball; 310
Then cry we rob them of their Tribute due:
Alas! How can we laugh and pity too?

WHILE others to Extremes as wild will run,
And with four Face anatomize a Pun;
When the brisk Glais to Freedom does entice, 315
And rigid Wisdom is a Kind of Vice.

The

But

But let not such grave Fops your Laughter spoil;
Ne'er frown where Sense may innocently smile.

CRAMP not your Language into Logic Rules,
To *Rostrums* leave the Pedantry of Schools; 320
Nor let your Learning always be discern'd,
But choose to seem judicious more than learn'd.
Quote seldom, and then let it be, at least,
Some Fact that's prov'd, or Thought that's well exprest.
But lest, disguis'd, your Eye it should escape, 325
Know, Pedantry can put on e'ery Shape:
For when we deviate into Terms of Art,
Unless constrain'd, we act the Pedant's Part.
Or if we're ever in the self-same Key,
No matter of what Kind the Subject be; 330
From Laws of Nations down to Laws of Dress,
For Statesmen have their Cant, and Belles no less.
As good, hear *B-----y* dictate on Epistles,
Or *B-----m-----n* comment on the *Gracian* Whistles;
As old *Obesus* preach upon his Belly, 335
Or *Phileunucha* rant on *Farinelli*;
Flirtilla read a Lecture on a Fan,
Or *W-----d* set forth the Praise of *Kouli-Can*.

BUT, above all Things, Raillery decline,
Nature but few does for that Task design; 340
'Tis in the ablest Hand a dang'rous Tool,
But never fails to wound the meddling Fool:
For all must grant, it needs no common Art
To keep Men patient, when we make them smart.
Not Wit alone, nor Humour's self, will do, 345
Without Good-nature, and much Prudence too,
To judge aright of Persons, Place, and Time;
For Taste decrees what's low, and what's sublime:
And what might charm to-day, or o'er a Glass,
Perhaps at Court, or next Day wou'd not pass. 350
Then leave to low Buffoons, by Custom bred,
And form'd by Nature to be kickt and fed.

The vulgar and unenvied Task, to hit,
 All Persons right or wrong with random Wit.
 Our wife Forefathers, born in sober Days, 355
 Resign'd to Fools the tart and witty Phrase;
 The motley Coat gave Warning for the Jest,
 Excus'd the Wound, and sanctify'd the Pest:
 But we from high to low all strive to sneer,
 Will all be Wits, and not the Livery wear. 360

OF all the Qualities that help to raise
 In Men the universal Voice of Praise,
 Whether in Pleasure or in Use they end,
 There's none that can with Modesty contend.
 'Tis a transparent Veil, that helps the Sight, 365
 And lets us look on Merit with Delight:
 In others, 'tis a kindly Light, that seems
 To gild the worst Defects with borrow'd Beams.
 Yet, 'tis but little that its Form be caught,
 Unless its Origin be first in Thought: 370
 Else Rebel Nature will reveal the Cheat,
 And the whole Work of Art at once defeat.

HOLD forth upon Yourself on no Pretence,
 Unless invited, or your Self-defence;
 The Praise you take, altho' it be your Due, 375
 Will be suspected, if it come from you:
 For each Man, by Experience taught, can tell
 How strong a Flatterer does within him dwell:
 And if to Self-condemning you incline,
 In sober Sadness, and without Design, 380
 (For some will silyly arrogate a Vice,
 That from Excess of Vertue takes its Rise)
 The World cries out, Why does he hither come?
 Let him do Penance for his Sins at home.

No Part of Conduct asks for Skill more nice, 385
 Tho' none more common, than to give Advice:

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Misers

Misers themselves in this will not be saving,
 Unless their Knowledge makes it worth the having.
 And where's the Wonder, when we will obtrude
 An useless Gift, it meets Ingratitude? 390
 Shun then, unask'd, this arduous Task to try;
 But if consulted, use Sincerity:
 Too sacred is the Welfare of a Friend,
 To give it up for any selfish End.
 But use one Caution, sift him o'er and o'er, 395
 To find if all be not resolv'd before.
 If such the Case, in spite of all his Art,
 Some Word will give the Soundings of his Heart;
 And why shou'd you a bootless Freedom use,
 That serves him not, and may his Friendship lose? 400
 Yet still on Truth bestow this Mark of Love,
 Ne'er to commend the Thing you can't approve.
 Sincerity has such resistless Charms,
 She oft the fiercest of our Foes disarms:
 No Art she knows, in native Whiteness dress'd, 405
 Her Thoughts all pure, and therefore all express'd:
 She takes from Error its Deformity;
 And without her, all other Vertues die.
 Bright Source of Goodness! to my Aid descend,
 Watch o'er my Heart, and all my Words attend: 410
 If still thou deign to set thy Foot below,
 Among a Race quite polish'd into Show.
 Oh! save me from the Jilt's dissembling Part,
 Who grants to All all Favours, but her Heart;
 Perverts the End of Charming, for the Fame; 415
 To fawn her Business, to deceive her Aim:
 She smiles on this Man, tips the Wink on that,
 Gives one a Squeeze, another a kind Pat;
 Now jogs a Foot, now whispers in an Ear;
 Here slips a Letter, and there casts a Leer; 420
 Till the kind Thing, the Company throughout,
 Distributes all its pretty Self about;
 While all are pleas'd, and wretched soon or late,
 All but the Wise, who see and shun the Bait.

YET if, as Complaisance requires to do, 425
 And rigid Vertue sometimes will allow,
 You stretch the Truth in Favour of a Friend,
 Be sure it ever aim at some good End;
 To cherish growing Vertue, Vice to shame,
 And turn to noble Views the Love of Fame : 430
 And not, like fawning Parasites, unaw'd
 By Sense or Truth, be ev'ry Passion's Bawd.

BE rarely warm in Censure, or in Praise;
 Few Men deserve our Passion either Ways :
 For half the World but float 'twixt Good and Ill, 435
 As Chance disposes Objects, These the Will ;
 'Tis but a See-saw Game, where Vertue now
 Mounts above Vice, and then sinks down as low.
 Besides, the Wise still hold it for a Rule,
 To trust that Judgment most, that seems most cool : 440
 For all that rises to Hyperbole,
 Proves that we err, at least in the Degree.
 But if your Temper to Extremes should lead,
 Always upon th' indulging Side exceed ;
 For tho' to blame most lend a willing Ear, 445
 Yet Hatred ever will attend on Fear ;
 And when a Neighbour's Dwelling blazes out,
 The World will think 'tis Time to look about.

LET not the Curious from your Bosom steal
 Secrets, where Prudence ought to set her Seal ; 450
 Yet be so frank and plain, that at one View,
 In other Things, each Man may see you thro' :
 For if the Mask of Policy you wear,
 The Honest hate you, and the Cunning fear.

410 WOU'D you be well receiv'd where'er you go, 455
 Remember, each Man vanquish'd is a Foe.
 Resist not, therefore, with your utmost Might,
 But let the Weakest think he's sometimes right ;

He, for each Triumph you shall thus decline,
 Shall give ten Opportunities to shine: 460
 He sees, since once you own'd him to excel,
 That 'tis his Interest you shou'd reason well;
 And tho', when roughly us'd, he's full of Choler,
 As blustering *B-----y* to a Brother Scholar,
 Yet, by Degrees, inure him to submit, 465
 He's tame, and in his Mouth receives the Bit.
 But chiefly against trifling Contests guard,
 'Tis here Submission seems to Man most hard:
 Nor imitate that resolute old Fool,*
 Who undertook to kick against his Mule. 470
 But those, who will not by Instruction learn
 How fatal Trifles prove, let Story warn:
Panthus and *Euclio*, link'd by Friendship's Tie,
 Liv'd each for each, as each for each wou'd die;
 Like Objects pleas'd them, and like Objects pain'd; 475
 'Twas but one Soul that in two Bodies reign'd.
 One Night, as usual 'twas their Nights to pass,
 They ply'd the cheerful, but still temp'rate Glass,
 When lo! a Doubt is rais'd about a Word;
 A Doubt, that must be ended by the Sword: 480
 One falls a Victim, mark, O Man! thy Shame,
 Because their Glossaries were not the same.
 Cou'd *Ba--l--y*'s self more Tendernefs have shown
 For his Two Tomes of Words, tho' half his own.

For what remains of Failings without End, 485
 Morals must some, and some the Laws must mend.
 While others in such monstrous Forms appear,
 As tongue-ty'd Sourness, fly Suspicion's Leer,
 Free-fisted Rudeness, Dropfical Pretence,
Proteus' Caprice, and Elbowing Insolence; 490
 No Caution to avoid them they demand,
 Like Wretches branded by the Hangman's Hand.

IF Faith to some Philosophers be given,
 Man, that great Lord of Earth, that Heir of Heav'n,

Savage, at first, inhabited the Wood, 495
 And scrambled with his Fellow-Brutes for Food;
 No social Home he knew, no Friendships Tie,
 Selfish in Good, in Ill without Ally;
 Till some, in Length of Time, of stronger Nerve,
 And greater Cunning, forc'd the rest to serve 500
 One common Purpose, and, in Nature's Spite,
 Brought the whole Jarring Species to unite.
 But might we not with equal reason say,
 That ev'ry single Particle of Clay,
 Which forms our Body, was at first design'd 505
 To lye for ever from the rest disjoin'd?
 Can this be said, and can it be allow'd
 'Twas with its Powers for no one End endow'd?
 If so; we own that Man, at first, by Art,
 Was sooth'd to act in social Life a Part. 510
 'Tis true, in some the Seeds of Discord seem
 To contradict this all-uniting Scheme;
 But that no more hurts Nature's general Course,
 Than Matter found with a repelling Force.

TURN we a while on lonely Man our Eyes, 515
 And see what frantic Scenes of Folly rise:
 In some dark Monastery's gloomy Cells,
 Where formal self-presuming Vertue dwells,
 Bedoz'd with Dreams of Grace-distilling Caves,
 Of holy Puddles, unconsuming Graves, 520
 Of animated Plaister, Wood, and Stone,
 And mighty Cures by sainted Sinners done.
 Permit me, Muse, still farther to explore,
 And turn the Leaves of Superstition o're;
 Where Wonders upon Wonders ever grow, 525
 Chaos of Zeal and Blindness, Mirth and Woe;
 (a) Visions of Devils into Monkeys turn'd,
 That hot from Hell roar at a Finger burn'd;
 (b) Bottles of precious Tears that Saints have wept,
 (c) And Breath a Thousand Years in Phials kept; 530

(a) St. Dominick, *vide* Janſenius (Nic.) (b) *Of our Saviour and others, vide* Ferrand.
 (c) *Of Joseph, vide* Molinæum.

(d) Sun-beams sent down to prop one Friar's Staff;
 (e) And Hell broke loose to make another laugh;
 (f) Obedient Fleas, and (g) superstitious Mice;
 (h) Confessing Wolves, and (i) sanctifying Lice;
 (k) Letters and Houses by an Angel carried;
 (l) And, wondrous! Virgin Nuns to Jesus married.
 One Monk, not knowing how to spend his Time,
 Sits down to find out some unheard of Crime;
 Increases the large Catalogue of Sins,
 And where the Sober finish, there begins
 Of Death eternal his Decree is past,
 For the first Crime, as fix'd as for the last.
 While That, as idle, and as pious too,
 Compounds with false Religion for the true;
 He, courtly Usher to the blest Abodes,
 Weighs all the Niceties of Forms and Modes;
 And makes the rugged Path so smooth and even,
 None but an ill-bred Man can miss of Heav'n.
 One Heav'n-inspir'd invents a Frock, or Hood;
 The Taylor now cuts out, and Men grow good.
 Another quits his Stockings, Breeches, Shirt,
 Because he fancies Vertue dwells with Dirt:
 While all concur to take away the Stress
 From weightier Points, and lay it on the less.
 Anxious each paltry Relique to preserve
 Of Him, whose hungry Friends they leave to starve.
 Harra's'd by Watchings, Abstinence, and Chains;
 Strangers to Joys, familiar grown with Pains;
 To all the Means of Vertue they attend
 With strictest Care, and only miss the End.
 Can Scripture teach us, or can Sense persuade,
 That Man for such Employments e'er was made?
 Far be that Thought! But let us now relate
 A Character as opposite, as great,

(d) St. Cathro's, vide Colganum. (e) St. Anthony. (f) Vide Life of St. Colman by Colganus. (g) The same Life by the same Author. (h) Vide Speculum Vitae Sancti Francisci. (i) St. Munnu gathered those Vermin that dropt from him, and put them in their Places again, vide Act. Sanctorum. (k) From St. Firman to St. Columba, vide Colganum. Chapel of Loretto. (l) Maria de la Visitation, vide Her Life by Lufignam.

In Him, who living gave to *Athens* Fame, 565
 And, by his Death, immortaliz'd her Shame;
 Great Scourge of Sophists! He from Heav'n brought down
 And plac'd true Wisdom on th' Usurper's Throne.
 Philosopher in all Things, but Pretence;
 He taught, what they neglected, Common Sense. 570
 They o'er the stiff *Lyceum* form'd to rule;
 He, o'er Mankind, all *Athens* was his School.
 The sober Tradesman, and smart *Petit-Maitre*,
 Great Lords, and Wits, in their own Eyes still greater,
 With him grew wise, unknowing they were taught; 575
 He spoke like them; tho' not like them he thought:
 Nor wept, nor laugh'd, at Man's perverted State;
 But left to Women this, to Idiots that.
 View him with Sophists fam'd for fierce Contest,
 Or crown'd with Roses at the jovial Feast; 580
 Insulted by a peevish, noisy Wife,
 Or at the Bar foredom'd to lose his Life;
 What moving Words flow from his artless Tongue,
 Sublime with Ease, with Condescension strong!
 Yet scorn'd to flatter Vice, or Vertue blame; 585
 Nor chang'd to please, but pleas'd because the same:
 The same by Friends caress'd, by Foes withstood,
 Still unaffected, cheerful, mild, and good.
 Behold one *Pagan*, drawn in Colours faint,
 Outshine Ten Thousand Monks, tho' each a Saint! 590

HERE let us fix our Foot, hence take our View,
 And learn to try false Merit by the true.
 We see, when Reason stagnates in the Brain,
 The Dregs of Fancy cloud its purest Vein;
 But Circulation betwixt Mind and Mind 595
 Extends its Course, and renders it refin'd.
 When warm with Youth we tread the flow'ry Way,
 All Nature charms, and ev'ry Scene looks gay;
 Each Object gratifies each Sense in Turn,
 Whilst now for Rattles, now for Nymphs we burn; 600

Enslav'd by Friendship's or by Love's soft Smile,
 We ne'er suspect, because we mean no Guile;
 Till, flush'd with Hope from Views of past Success,
 We lay on some main Trifle all our Stress;
 When lo! the Mistress or the Friend betrays, 605
 And the whole fancied Cheat of Life displays:
 Stunn'd with an Ill that from ourselves arose;
 For Instinct rul'd, when Reason should have chose;
 We fly for Comfort to some lonely Scene,
 Victims henceforth of Dirt, and Drink, and Spleen. 610
 But let no Obstacles, that cross our Views,
 Pervert our Talents from their destin'd Use:
 For, as upon Life's Hill we upwards press,
 Our Views will be obstructed less and less.
 Be all false Delicacy far away, 615
 Lest it from Nature lead us quite astray:
 And for th' imagin'd Vice of human Race,
 Destroy our Vertue, or our Parts debase:
 Since God with Reason joins to make us own,
 That 'tis not good for Man to be alone. 620

F I N I S

